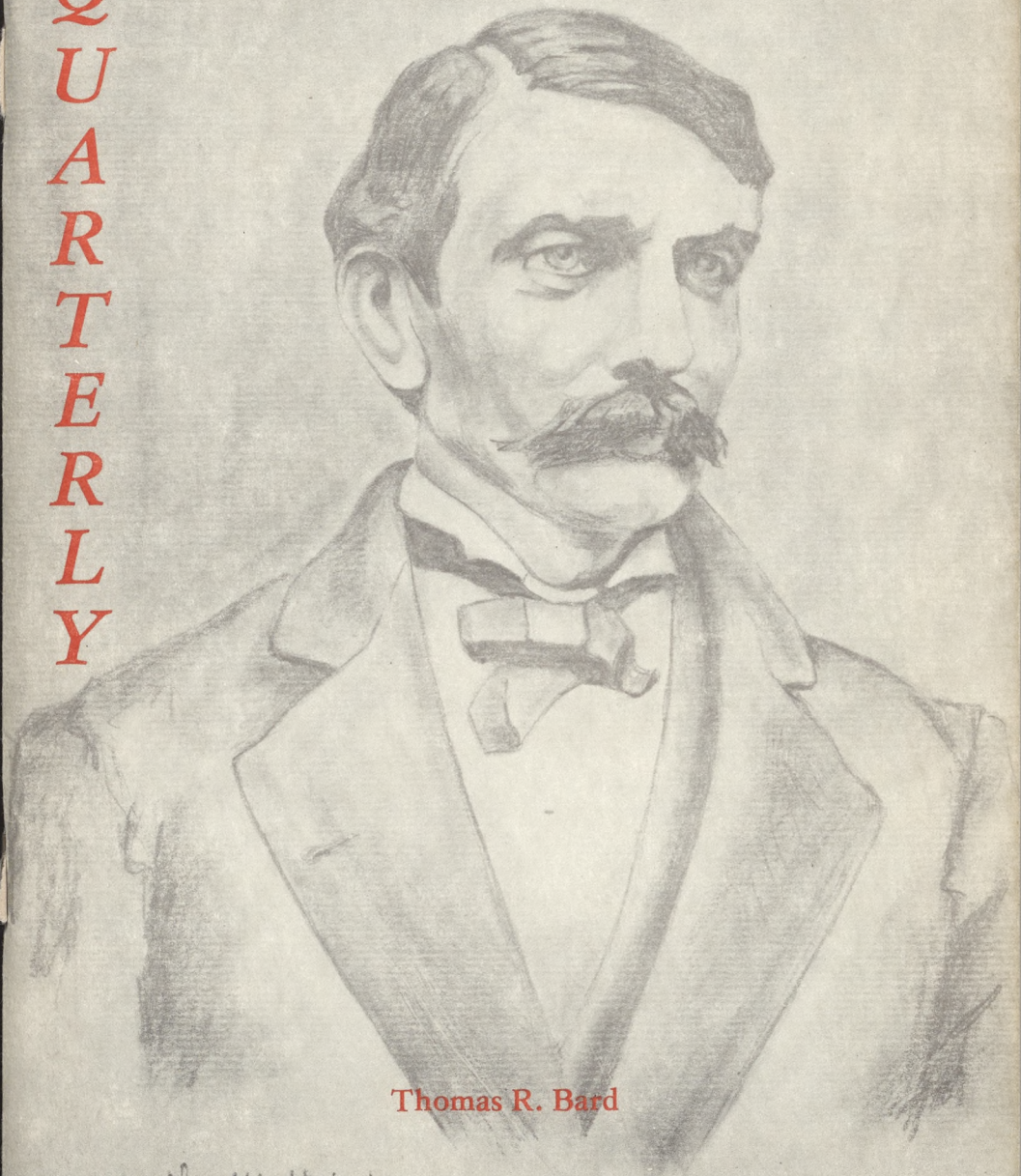
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XXVI, NO. 2 WINTER 1981

QUARTERLY



Thomas R. Bard

Danilo Matteini

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

Grant W. Heil, Editor

Vol. XXVI, No. 2 Winter 1981

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Notice

Fern Middough recognized the value of the Bard material when she salvaged it from the discards at her Ojai Valley School. Yetive Hendricks discovered that Beryl Bard's account was entered in the 5th Annual Ventura County Eisteddfod. Mark Huffman located a complete collection of the letters, which included a preface, the missing page and an additional letter.

The photographs were lent by Mrs. Richard Bard and the Ventura County Historical Museum. Maps and Surveys of the Ventura County Engineering Services supplied the three maps. The pictures on the cover were drawn from the wedding photographs of the Bards by Danilo Matteini. Christine D. Bush photographed the Olivas organ.



Beryl Beatrice Bard

SOME PIONEER LETTERS

By Thomas R. Bard

A few years ago when my father's two sisters died in their home in southern Pennsylvania, their house was left to my cousin. When she moved into the house and was going over and sorting out the contents of the attic, she found a box of old letters written by my father to his mother, brother and sisters when he came as a young man of 24 to Ventura which was then a part of Santa Barbara County. She sent the letters out to us, and I am giving here such parts of some of the earlier ones as may possibly be of general interest. *Beryl Bard*

1.

Cosmopolitan Hotel,
Corner Bush and Sansame Sts.
San Francisco,
February 17th, 1865.

My Dear Mother:

I returned yesterday from my trip to Santa Barbara County and shall now describe it. We left San Francisco on the day after I wrote you my last letter, January 26th, in company with Mr. Kinney as far as San Jose where he commences an engagement as principal of an academy or college.[1] Here is the terminus of the railroad which some day will be a link of the Southern Pacific R.R.; and we continued our journey in a stage, leaving San Jose in the morning and arriving at San Juan [Bautista] about 4:00 p.m. where we are to change stages, but the jehu[2] tells us there is no use to go on as the rivers are impassable, a story which we did not believe; but we compromised with him by waiting till the next morning, thus affording me an opportunity of looking around the town. The only object of interest is the old Mission of San Juan [Bautista] which was built by the old *padres* or Spanish monks [*sic*][3] more than a hundred years ago. The labor was performed by the Indians whom the *padres* at that day had collected around them and who had taught them the Roman Catholic religion. The mission stands in the center of the little town, and is a collection of

buildings in the front of which is a high tower with a belfry of four bells; the walls are composed of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and are plastered; the roof is made of little poles woven together with thongs of hide and covered with red clay tiles. Here were quarters for the Indians, room for the *padres* and a church, the walls of which were frescoed or daubed with rude fantastic colors, oil paintings of the various scenes in the life of our Savior who was represented at another place over the altar as a Spaniard. This image, however, was the most life-like looking of any I have ever seen and must have been brought here from old Spain. Our landlord was an Italian and his bar-room was filled with *paisanos*, that is native Californians or Spaniards, who filled the room with the smoke of their *cigarritos*, the jargon of their language and the sound of money changing hands over the card tables. This was my first night in such a place, but [George] Nobel[4] and I tried a game of billiards, smoked our cigars and went to bed. Next morning after an early breakfast, started on our way and at sunset arrived at the Salinas River which though but little swollen was impassable on account of the quicksand. Hoping that the sand would become solid before morning, we looked around for an abiding place for the night. A stable was the only house in sight and that we found was dirty and only room enough for the Indian boy who was *charge d'affaires* and the drivers. We were told, however, that a Mexican family lived on the other side about a mile from the river. A boat was at hand, but Noble and another passenger were afraid to trust to my rowing; and as they could not manage a boat, I jumped on board and pulled for the other side; and finding the Mexican's house, got him to go after the other passengers when he told us he could accommodate us if we would be content with pork and beans. Well, instead of getting off next morning, we had to remain there a week exactly as the river was still impassable. The next rivers, the San Antonio and Nacimiento, were also high; but we succeeded in getting over the first all right, but in the second we stuck in the quicksand and our horses fell. So we pulled off our boots and pants and waded in, unhitched the horses, lifted them out and pulled the wagon out ourselves; and travelling all night, reached San Luis Obispo at 1:00 a.m.; and passing through Gaviota Pass, a wild, broken gorge in the mountains, our

road led out to the seashore along which we travelled for 60 miles till we reached Santa Barbara and thence still further down the coast to San Buena Ventura. Between these two points, for 10 miles, the road has the sand of the shore for its bed which is kept continually wet by the surf. Several places one had to wait till the tide was out, then run one's horses as hard as they could go to keep clear of the breakers. This brings me to my journey's end and to my future home. And before I go further I must tell you at once, for I know your first question would be: "How do you like it?"; "Well, it suits me first rate", and now to describe this new home of mine.

Travelling over 400 miles by stage tires one considerably; but we slept from 4:00 a.m. till dinner time and felt perfectly well when we got up. The village is about as big as Marion or Funkstown, and is merely a collection of old adobe one-story houses around the mission. As the mission buildings are all generally alike, I will not describe another. We arrived on Sunday. That evening I made the acquaintance of all the *Americanos* of the place, which number amounts to 10 or 13; the balance of the population consists of native Californians. These *Californios* are the laziest cusses you ever saw, living altogether on horseback. They are idle and thriftless.[5]

I enquired of the man with whom we boarded on the Salinas one day, when food was growing less and less and he told us he had no money to send for more, why he did not cultivate part of his land for raising provisions? (His ranch contained 13,000 acres and not even a garden spot cultivated.) He said that as the drouth of the last two years had killed off all his horses, hogs, cattle and sheep, he thought he would put in a crop of beans last fall; but when he went to buy the seed beans, he found them very high and thought it cheaper to buy them as he needed them. The women are fond of dress and spend the last cent they have for gew-gaws. It is delightful, though, to hear them talk; and I was struck even at first with the fineness of their voices, male and female, and the beauty of the intonation though I did not understand a word.

On the following day I went to their church; the ceremony of the [Roman] Catholic Church here is not different than elsewhere, and enjoyed a sermon from the *padre* delivered in Spanish. The sacredness of the Sabbath is as much observed



San Buenaventura Mission in 1866

as anywhere I have ever been, but ends at sunset; then the evening is spent in amusement and sports of all kinds. I paid my respects to the *padre*, who spoke English tolerably well. He expressed his gratification to know my intention of becoming a neighbor, and wished me success. In the course of our conversation I used some Spanish words I had picked up here and there. He seemed pleased with my endeavor to acquire the language, which led me to remark that I found it so similar to the Latin language that I could translate almost any writing I saw but expressed a difficulty to get the pronunciation. "Now", said he, "let me give you some good advice, *Senor*. There's no use to consult a printed dictionary, a speaking or pronouncing dictionary is what you want, and the best pronouncing dictionaries are the *senoritas*."

2.

San Buena Ventura,
April 28th, 1865.

My Dear Mother:

Hereafter we shall have only two steamers per month so that our letters will be fewer than before. I have been here two weeks, but have not had a letter from home for some time, and am really becoming homesick. Have been riding on horseback nearly every day through my ranch, and averaging almost 40 miles per day. Have paid Dr. Letterman[6] two visits. His ranch is 40 miles from here. From The Mission to one end of my ranch it is 10 miles, and about 15 miles from one end of the ranch to the other. That would be considerable of a farm in the East. I am learning to ride very well; and on these mustangs, one can ride for a week without feeling as much fatigued as I used to be at home on a short trip.

These Spaniards can beat the world riding. They throw the lasso with so much accuracy that they can catch a horse by any part of his body that they please, either by the neck, leg or tail. The other day I saw a boy of 15 catch a steer with his lasso by the tail and by managing his horse, throw the steer down.

* * *

Up at Camulos they have a clerk[7] whom the Dr. brought from San Francisco, who is green as pumpkins. He's lived all his life in N.Y. City and never been in the country at all. The other day he was bathing in the river when some cattle came down on the other side of the stream to drink; and one old fellow seeing the red flannel shirt of our friend made after it, and so frightened the fellow that he ran up to the house perfectly naked and trembling for his life. On another occasion [Ygnacio] Del Valle, a Spanish gentleman formerly owner of the ranch, invited the Dr. and his clerk to dinner. Our friend put on his best clothes, blackened his boots and (to do in Rome as the Romans do) concluded to ride to the house to save his boots. Here if a Spaniard wishes to visit his next neighbor, he always does it on horseback. *Caballero*, their name for gentleman, is literally a rider. So our friend must go in style, and mounts the horse; but as he never was on a horse's back before, got a little boy to lead the horse with a *reata* while he



Miss Louisa J. Bard

held on to the pummel of the saddle and thus approached the house.

3.

Rancho de Ojai,
January 3rd, 1866.

My Dear Sister Louisa:

The old year was passed by without the usual gathering together of our family. How it has been spent by each of us should be described to all. So I'll begin with my Christmas and New Year story. I gave our men a promise of two days holiday sometime ago, and they agreed to take Christmas and the day following. I had determined to spend mine in hunting deer in the mountains though I was invited to a dinner with an American family at The Mission, and made my preparations for an early start; but the mail that evening (Saturday) brought my eastern letters, one of which demanded my going to Santa Barbara immediately to attend to some business. So reluctantly I had to give up my mountain tramp and make preparations for going to Santa Barbara. Learning that four of the men intended to go, I made arrangements for the whole party. Nearby our first well lives an old Spaniard, the proprietor of an adjoining ranch, who is poor, but proud of his Castilian blood and very

unfriendly to Americans generally. Old Don Jose de Arnaz and I, however, are quite good friends though we have quarrelled many times over the price of a sheep or his monthly bill for milk, etc. Still we are friends, and I knew he would not hesitate to hire his carriage to me if I wanted it. So though it was late, I called to see the old fellow, hired his coach for 3 days for the moderate sum of 25 dollars. Now that sounds a great deal of money; but you must know that Don Jose particularly reminded me at the time that this was at one time the carriage of the old Mexican Governor [Juan] Alvarado, and used by him and his family long ago, before the conquest by Americans under Fremont of Alta California.

At 4:00 a.m. Sunday morning we started, drawn by two diminutive horses which I rather thought would peg out before we reached our destination; but the Dutchman who drove let them have the whip pretty lively and kept them going at a respectable rate of speed and at 4:00 p.m. we reached Santa Barbara. I wish you had been along, not however with my rude company, but that we were just setting out for that proposed continental tour; I am sure you could not wish for a more exhilarating ride. The road runs along the beach the whole way from San Buena Ventura, following the indentations of the land. To our left lies the broad Pacific and the islands of Santa Cruz and Anacapa, while high hills shut off any extended view landward. At any place a mountain ridge juts out to the water, and can only be passed at low tide. This is rather a dangerous pass for the sea at times piles up rocks, one on top of another, till it is almost impassable. Should the tide come in when an accident occurs to the wagon, horses and vehicles would soon be ground to pieces. Halfway is a station on the seaside, which is famous for clam soup and chowder,[8] further on The Rincon, a property owned by Mr. [Levi Gould] Stanchfield, where high on a cliff on the sea is the most remarkable phenomenon[9] I ever saw. I call it a natural oil refinery. It is an adventurous trip, however, and only those foolish fellows whose necks are worthless will be willing to seek the place. In that class of vagabonds you will have to class your brother. Having climbed the mountain and as I approached the cliff, my nostrils were offended with the odor of brimstone and petroleum; and of course, I must find where it originated. Following my nose, I

saw I must descend the cliff about 40 feet where I saw a shelf of loose shale; and by a little care and agility I reached the spot, covered with a cloud of dust and almost choked with gas. The sea breeze soon wafted away the dust and I was repaid well for my adventure. The shale rock is loose and broken, and from small fissures or crevices issue a gas which is so hot I could not bear my hand in it; and as it comes in contact with the atmosphere, is condensed and forms an oil on the shelf of rock. Pure yellow sulphur exists close by intermixed with shale; and out at sea beyond the line of breakers, you might see the water muddied and much disturbed by the escape of gas there which attends the exudation at the bottom of thick petroleum that covers the water on the surface. It made my head giddy to look over the shelf away down the precipice to the beach road below where a wagon looked like a toy cart and the horses like the pigmy horses of Gulliver's descriptions; and as I clambered back, the rolling and sliding debris which followed my steps gave evidence that there was some danger in the enterprise. But in reality there was not the slightest danger to me, not to anyone who can keep a clear head which is soon learned in a mountainous country. Further on our road, we saw a huge whale which had just that day been washed ashore, having escaped from the harpoon of some whalers who are doing a successful business in the channel. This whale was large for its species, but the species is small for a whale and known by the name of California Greys. He was of sufficient size, however, to swallow half a dozen Jonahs. I measured and found him to be 42 feet long, about 8 feet high and if his mouth or jaw was extended would probably leave room for a horse to gallop into. Some enterprizing *cholos*[10] and Indians were engaged in dissecting him, or rather taking off the blubber which is the flesh or meat, and measured 5 inches thick.

At one time we saw a number of seals[11] which look very like dogs swimming in the surf. I should have liked to have had my rifle with me for I easily could have secured one of their hides. At another place pelicans by hundreds were feeding on a school of fish. It is amusing to see them dive, extending their wings at the height of 30 or 40 feet and cutting wind and water with one sweep, remain buried in the waves till at last they appear with a fish in their long awkward bills while a

dozen hungry fellows would be ready to dispute his right to it. Thousands of gulls, curlew, cranes, ducks and snipe line the beach and fill the air, frightened at our approach, while on the cliffs eagles and owls hoot and scream.

But as we round Rincon we catch a distant view of the town of Santa Barbara; but its irregular, mixed-up streets of adobe houses and tiled roofs are not very attractive, though the old mission church building with its white turrets adds a beauty to the natural surroundings. In the roadstead lie two or three little schooners and a whaling vessel from which issues a stream of smoke from their kettles, finishes the picture. The climate of this town is milder and warmer than at S.B.V. for it is sheltered by a hill and point running out to sea from the SW winds, and by a chain of mountains from the cold northeastern breeze. Some of the Americans living here have very pretty residences surrounded by hedges of pepper trees which are evergreen here and are the most beautiful trees I have ever seen for the purpose.

* * *

As I have many acquaintances here and have been to the place several times, I was not at a loss to know how to spend my time. But of all places in the world, I never saw another town where there is so much gambling and drinking. One half of the people live by gambling for the money earned by the labor of the other half, and are all poor miserable wretches. Having plenty to keep me busy, I of course avoided such places, though gambling and drinking scenes met me wherever I went. Christmas Day I was very busy and did not witness the usual entertainments of bull fighting and horse racing, though I am sick and tired of such things but accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs H . . . ,[12] pleasant people for these parts.

There would be many more interesting things to speak of, which, however, I have become so familiar with that they have now lost their charm which a stranger would notice.

But having been confined to my mountain home for a longer time than pleasant, I determined to have a holiday of New Year's Day and have a good time. Sundays in this country are very little respected as God's Day; and I am sorry to say I have unfortunately adopted some of the habits of the people.

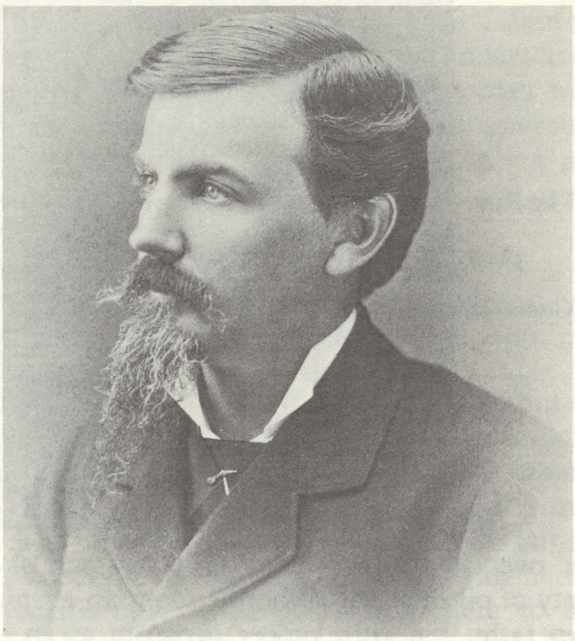
I went to the mission on my mule Sunday morning (by the way I don't think I ever told you of her yet and will do so before I close if I find time).

* * *

Had a very excellent dinner served by a good French cook at the hotel where the proprietor had invited a few of his choice friends. One of the dishes worth mentioning which I affected to know all about was an omelet brought to the table in flames of burning wine. I noticed some of the guests agape and others tried to hide their curiosity to know what it was; the thing kept burning and at last for fear of an explosion or what else, I found fault in a whisper with a friend sitting close by for not blowing it out and serving it. In his attempt to smother the flame, he spilled the liquid on the tablecloth which was soon on fire and a scene ensued which was very laughable. In the evening we had a dance (in which I never participate however) and plenty of very poor music and horrible singing. While the young folks danced, the old men and women and myself gathered around the hearth, smoked our *cigarittos* and drank our wine till early bed time when I bade them all good bye, and started for the ranch on my mule. The night was cool, but bright moonlight and pleasant.

* * *

Last year on this day I was out at sea, rocked by a rough sea; and now this year trying to find comfort, sympathy and home at the hearth of strangers, I wondered where I would be another year. No one without similar experience, can appreciate the utter misery of such thoughts. Jennie, my good mule, must have known I was sad for my reveries were interrupted by her long-drawn sighs. Ever since I first came here, she has been my constant companion in my solitary tramps. She was brought from Santa Fe, and had been in the hands of Indians of whom she is in constant dread. A very timid, or rather nervous creature, she is brave as a lion when danger is to be met; is as sure footed as a deer and nimble as a cat, making her perfectly safe for mountain climbing. She won't allow me to fire a gun or pistol from the saddle, but will remain motionless when I approach any game until I have fired from the ground and glories in carrying a deer behind me. Once on descending a steep hillside, I found it impossible to get to the bottom of



Dr. Cephas L. Bard

the valley below without climbing down a steep bank but did not know how to get my mule down. Being thirsty, I hastened down and left her untied on the bank; when to my astonishment, she gave a jump and landed safe and sound by my side though the bank was 20 feet high.

4.

Rancho de Ojai
February 15th, 1866.

My Dear Cephas:

Fourth of July was a great day in The Mission. We had an oration, dinner, and ball. Everybody turned out, Americans, all the dons, *vaqueros* and Indians, with a small sprinkling of Kanakas and Tartars.[13] The oration was delivered by a recently naturalized Irish nobleman who forgot all about our independence, and talked of nothing else but Fenianism.[14] The dinner was mighty. An oil man presided at the head of the table; another (that's me) had the honor of escorting *Senora* Viaja, the lady of a Mexican general of that name, who didn't understand English at all and laughed at my *Espanol.* In the evening I saw her to the ball; but as I don't dance, I handed



The Rev. Juan Comapla

her over to the attentions of a don and sloped with a stray party of oil men with whom I spent an evening more after our own taste, but with proper decorum as an evidence of which I might mention the presence of *Senor Padre* Juan Comapla, the holy pastor of the place. To all strangers *Senor Padre* has a set form of conversation and repeats frequently that his people have very good faith but very poor works as for instance: they come to him, confess their sins, are absolved; and immediately proceed to his hennery and steal a chicken or two. He is an educated man as a matter of course, is a Castilian by birth and a Jesuit.

* * *

Another of our party is old Dr. [Isaac Chauncey] Isbell who keeps the hotel, a very eccentric, jolly, queer old cuss who eternally grumbles about something or other. He came out here long before the gold excitement of '48, was with Fremont as surgeon of his command when he took this southern California. During the early part of the Rebellion[15] he lived in Texas, owned one of the finest properties of the state near San Antonio, but was run out of the country by the "damned secesh".[16] Is always talking "of going" somewhere to get away from this "miserable nest of S.B.V." He says the Apaches shoot gold bullets and he knows where they get them, and wants a party to go with him to hunt the Golden Hill, etc.

Such are some of the characters we meet here. And California is filled with queer men. Visionaries, rovers, penniless men who have counted their piles by 10,000's: Eureka men who didn't find it. Rich men associate with their equals in ignorance and infamy, but are courted by educated men. O, it's a gay jumble, this society.

5.

San Buena Ventura, Cal.
February 28th, 1867.

My Darling Mother:

Yesterday I came here on a business errand and am shut up today by a heavy rain, and there seems a prospect of a lengthy imprisonment. It's a dreary pueblo at best, but terribly so on a rainy day. I've just left the bedroom of a poor suffering man who has had both legs broken by being thrown from his buggy, and who bears his suffering and prospect of dying with heroic fortitude. Two Sabbaths ago, while going from here to the ranch, I found him lying on the road insensible with both legs broken and the bone of one protruding through the flesh. With the aid of a native woman, I succeeded in getting him into the bottom of my little wagon and brought him here. He is one of my best friends and is the old gentleman of whom I have probably mentioned in one of my letters. Came here before the gold excitement in '49, made and spent several fortunes, went to Texas where he owned one of the finest estates in the state; but being loyal to his country, suffered everything but death at the hands of the rebels and was forced to leave his property. He and his wife, one of the most beautiful old women I ever saw, came here and opened a hotel but lost money at the business; and at a moment when he was much dejected, I offered him a home and pasturage for his cattle on the Ojai where he has been for six months, happy and prospering and affording me many a rare treat of wild duck, haunches of venison and dozens of quail, to say nothing of his narration of incidents in his life's experience. He has traded with the Klamath Indians of the north and fought and killed many a marrauding Apache on the borders of Texas. I have shown him all the kindness possible, and I do assure you his "God bless you" when I take my leave of him is ample reward. A few days I drew up

and had him execute his will wherein he bequeathes 2/3 of his Texas property to a nephew on condition that he goes there at once to recover it from the "infernal, thieving secesh." I have fought the surgeon from Santa Barbara who is attending him, and induced him to delay cutting off one leg which he seemed determined to do; and I think he will now be able to save it. Spending several hours with him until I was afraid of tiring him, I turned for other amusement to other sources.

* * *

An Episcopal minister or missionary[17] has begun a mission here and at Santa Barbara, and every other Sabbath has services at Ojai in the morning and at The Mission in the afternoon. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and has entered into his work with great earnestness and zeal.

But the most valued friend and acquaintance that I have made lately is Capt. W.E. Greenwell of the Coast [and Geodetic] Survey, a perfect gentleman and an entertaining companion. He has just gone to San Francisco for his wife and children who will go into camp with him at a point 10 miles from us. His wife is said to be the finest amateur performer on the piano in N.Y. City, but plays almost equally well on any instrument. I have promised to visit them and look forward to a pleasant holiday.

I have read [S.] Bowles' *Across the continent* and notice what he says in reference to oil companies, etc. But he is mistaken about one of them turning the lands into vineyards and orchards. The thing was talked of, but nothing at all has been done until this present week. My business here was to employ men and send wagons to distant vineyards for roots and cuttings. We are putting out a nursery and orchard of about 20 acres as a beginning, but nothing has been done before.

We have more to encourage us as we progress with our oil wells and tunnels and are now collecting and storing very fine oil. My friend, Stephen Peckham,[18] who has been investigating certain matters for Prof. [Josiah D.] Whitney of the state Geological Survey and particularly employed to analyze our oils, writes me from Boston that he has perfected a process by which he can obtain a large percentage from our heaviest oils, a result at once encouraging as to further development and establishing a value to the poorest of our products. Well, the day is closing

in gloomy darkness of fog and mist and I must close this uninteresting letter. Evening closes with the chimes of the old mission bells from the earthquake-cracked belfry of the old church. *Senor Padre* is as punctual as the index of a Yankee clock; and his first pull of the rope is identical with the hour hand of my watch, six o'clock. Among the most pious of his people, this is the signal for prayer.[19] No matter what they are engaged at at the moment, everything is dropped, every noise is hushed and every devotee to the superstitious rites of the church takes off his sombrero, bends the knees and mutters a prayer. This done, he resumes his billiard cue, his noisy conversation or what else he may have been engaged at before. But these customs are rapidly wearing away as the American begins to import less commendable customs. How prone all people are to follow bad examples, in preference to imitating good ones. Because the white man passes the church door without baring his head or bowing his neck, the native walks by it with his hands in his pockets and singing, forgetful that his father would have considered it a crime which was necessary to be atoned for by paying one half his flocks to the priest.

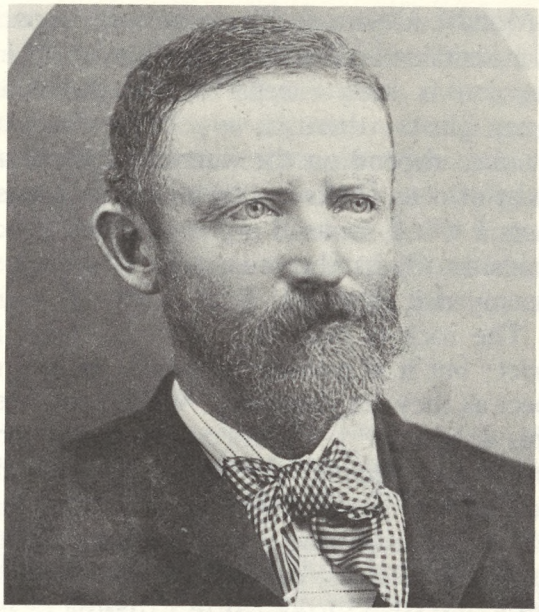
* * *

Last Sunday I accepted an invitation from Capt. Greenwell to a seat in his wagon with two of the prettiest girls in the place. Paid a visit to a family[20] living on the Santa Clara River, 10 miles distant, where we were entertained in true Spanish style. It seemed as though it afforded them the greatest imaginable pleasure to ransack their house and show us everything in it. After a few minutes conversation with the old lady about the smallest ends of nothing (it's wonderful what lengthy conversations they can sustain on small or unimportant subjects) we were escorted upstairs through bedrooms containing brass bedsteads covered with the oddest quilts or coverlets into the parlor whose floor was carpetless, but remarkable for the labor evidently bestowed upon it in the scrubbing, where we were entertained with several airs on a hand-organ which cost the head of the family many years ago $250.00 in hard gold and which was manufactured in Boston when *Oh Susanna, Old Uncle Ned* and *Dan Tucker* were fashionable airs. Of course we were delighted with the performance of the little automation dancers and musicians of the



Organ at the Olivas Adobe

organ and had never seen anything so curious before. When they saw that we were satisfied after playing the six tunes over and over again, all the daguerreotypes belonging to the family were brought to us to be admired, etc. Some of these pictures were the drollest you can imagine: of friends in Sonora, in Mexico, etc.; this one, with evident pride, was pointed out as an officer serving under Juarez. Then we were asked if we could dance? "No?" "What a pity." But being assured that we were extremely fond of seeing them dance, they very obligingly turned the organ and ground out *Pop goes the weasel*, and favored us with a jig, polkas, schottisches and the lot. We were taken out to a wide veranda or balcony to admire the rich and magnificent view of the Santa Clara Valley, and the more beautiful sight of an ocean sunset. Here the ubiquitous guitar was touched in harmony with the voices of the young ladies who sang beautiful little love songs in Spanish, the last words of every verse of some of them seemed to end in *amor* or *corazon* (love or heart). We declined their invitation to remain to supper and, bidding them *adios*, hurried home as fast as our horses could run so that our *companeros* might not suffer from the cold air of night. This was the captain's first experience and he enjoyed it amazingly. But I must close.



John T. Stow

6.

Ojai, Sept. 20th, 1868.

My Dear Mother:

Yesterday I returned by my trip thro' some of our ranches after a week's absence and expect to be off again in a few days, having been obliged to return on account of laming one of my horses.

You have no idea of the discomforts of travelling in this country at this season of the year, when the soil is like a mass of ashes which the wind agitates constantly, the whole atmosphere being filled with particles of dust to such an extent that objects at the distance of a mile can scarcely be distinguished.

[John] Stow[21] went with me and came back exhausted. We have to camp out, do our own cooking, etc. which to him is novel and not exactly suiting his taste. My trip extended up to a mining district called the Soledad where there is considerable excitement about some new discoveries, and in consequence of the success which has attended the workings of some ores from mines in course of development. Leaving Stow in camp, I went off for a day and night to examine a lode of manganese ore, in which I discovered a good percentage of gold and silver; and from the summit of a high mountain I saw part of

the Mohave Desert and looked down upon Lake Elizabeth. In this mountainous district which borders the desert hardly any vegetation is seen except stunted cedar and the American maguey plants; there is very little water and at some places we had to depend on the limited supply that we found in the bottom of deep shafts of old mines, now deserted. Among the miners I found some of my men that I used to employ in my tunnels on Ojai, who were glad to see me and took pains to make my visit pleasant.

The rock is very rich, but the veins are narrow in this district; but it is possible there will be an improvement in this respect as they are developed. We feel an interest in the success of this district for it borders on one of our properties, and would afford a good market for all the produce that might be produced on the farms which we will offer for sale then. Every week almost, someone brings me gold bearing quartz from the country north of us, an unfrequented part, to induce me to go there to see it and to organize a mining district with the object of getting me to induce capitalists to take hold of it. The rock looks well, but I have no desire to spend time in pursuit of a shadow. Mining is one of the most uncertain yet fascinating occupations in the world, and you would wonder why men will lead the lives which the majority of miners have. Undaunted by failure, dreaming always of the fortune which must attend their arduous calling, living as hermits without at times even the necessaries of life, they live in hope; as contented as most men, but 99 in 100 drag out a miserable existence, ended so frequently by self-destruction when age creeps upon them by the many accidents that are incident to their business.

The Piute[22] Indians come over to this country to steal horses and cattle in the spring of the year when some vegetation is found in the desert, and only last spring they killed several men in the locality where we were.

7.

San Buena Ventura, Cal.
July 17th, 1869.

My Dear Mother:

You Eastern people form queer ideas of foreigners. The people who are with me at my house are by no means un-

civilized: a German and his wife and babe with a Malay nurse; Mrs. Isbell, an old lady, the wife of the old Dr. Isbell whom I picked up out of the road with both legs broken, are my present family. I have just returned on a trip down the Santa Clara Valley with Mrs. Isbell, and have brought "lots and gobs" of apricots, figs and green apples. Started at daylight this morning, drove 50 miles and am here at 7:00 p.m. Mrs. Isbell will can my apricots tomorrow and try her hand at fig jam and apple pies. We are having plenty of green corn and tomatoes.[23]

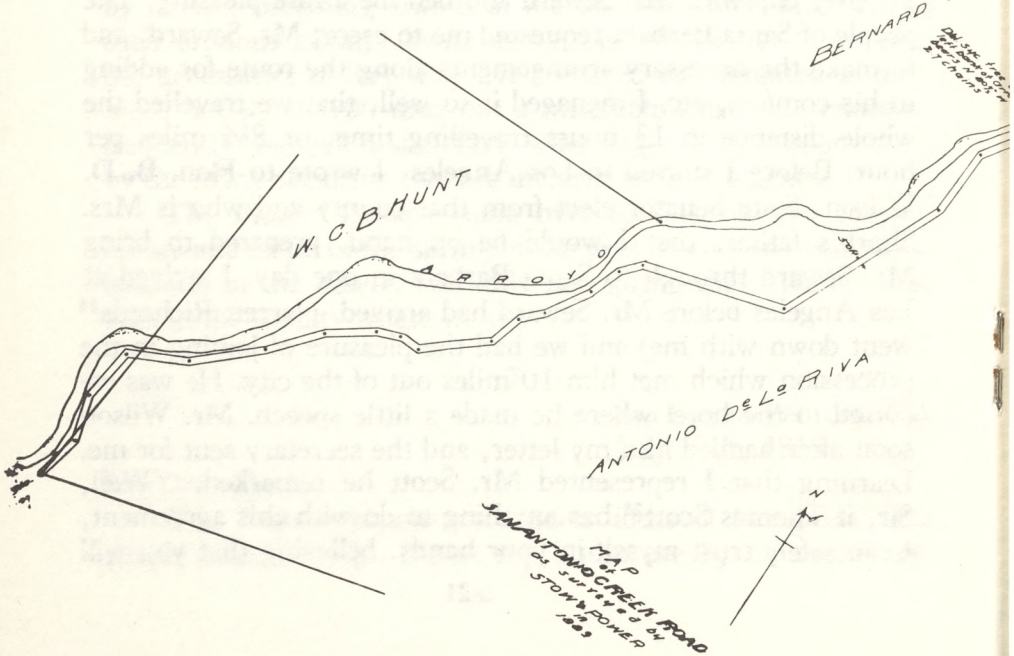
8.

Rancho Ojai,
Near San Buena Ventura, Cal.
September 28th, 1869.

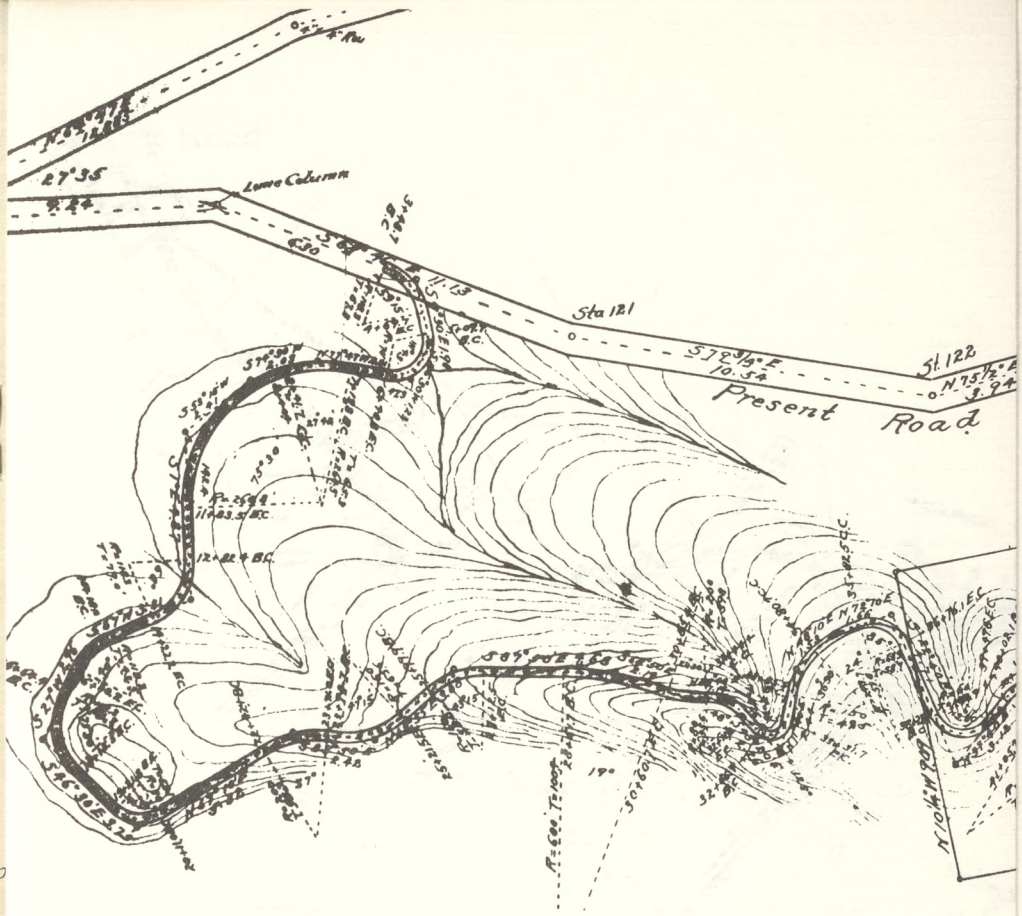
My Dear Mother:

I am afraid I have neglected this duty for a terribly long time, but it required some time for me to catch up with my business which had to be temporarily laid aside while I was canvassing for my re-election as supervisor; and I hardly had done so when I was called upon to meet Secretary [of State William H.] Seward and family at Los Angeles and to conduct them to Santa Barbara, a distance of 110 miles.

My trip with Mr. Seward afforded me a rare pleasure. The people of Santa Barbara requested me to escort Mr. Seward, and to make the necessary arrangements along the route for adding to his comfort, etc. I managed it so well, that we travelled the whole distance in 13 hours travelling time, or 8½ miles per hour. Before I started to Los Angeles, I wrote to Hon. B. D. Wilson, State Senator elect from that county and who is Mrs. Shorb's father, that I would be on hand, prepared to bring Mr. Seward through to Santa Barbara in one day. I arrived at Los Angeles before Mr. Seward had arrived (Jarrett Richards[24] went down with me) and we had the pleasure of joining in the procession which met him 10 miles out of the city. He was escorted to the hotel where he made a little speech. Mr. Wilson soon after handed him my letter, and the secretary sent for me. Learning that I represented Mr. Scott he remarked, "Well, Sir, if Thomas Scott[25] has anything to do with this agreement, I can safely trust myself in your hands, believing that you will



MAP
SAN ANTONIO CREEK ROAD
SURVEYED BY
STOWELL POWER
1883

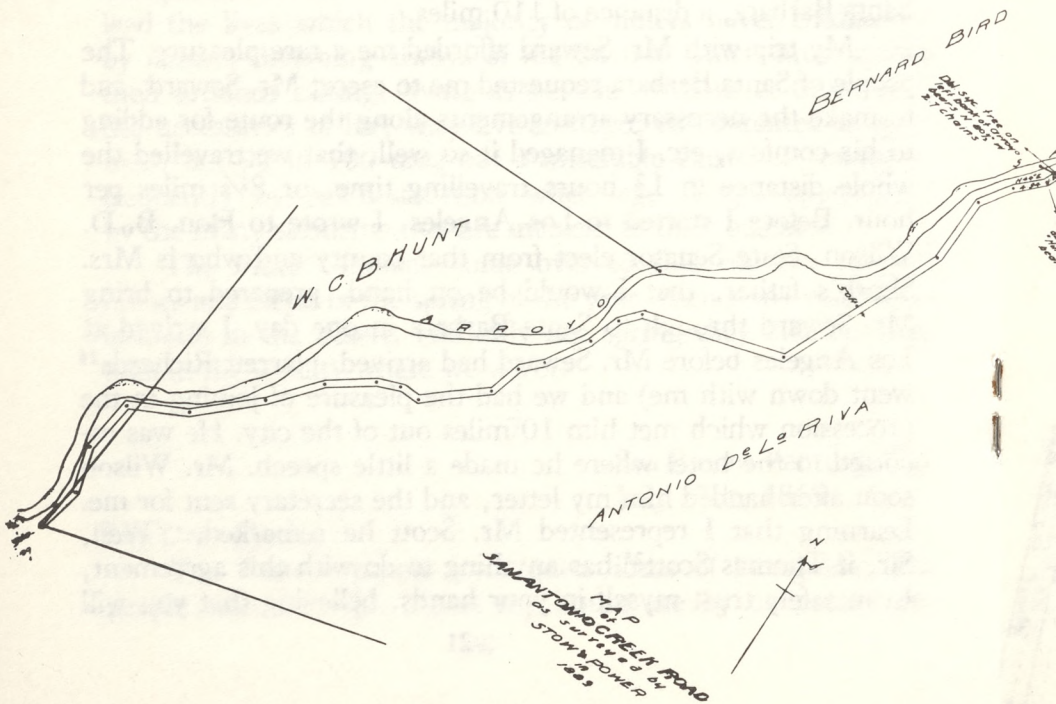


MAP
of Road petitioned for by
JOS. HOBART et AL
in the
OJAI ROAD DISTRICT
Ventura County, Cal.

Scale 4 Chains to 1 inch
Magnetic Variation 14° 30' E
October 1904

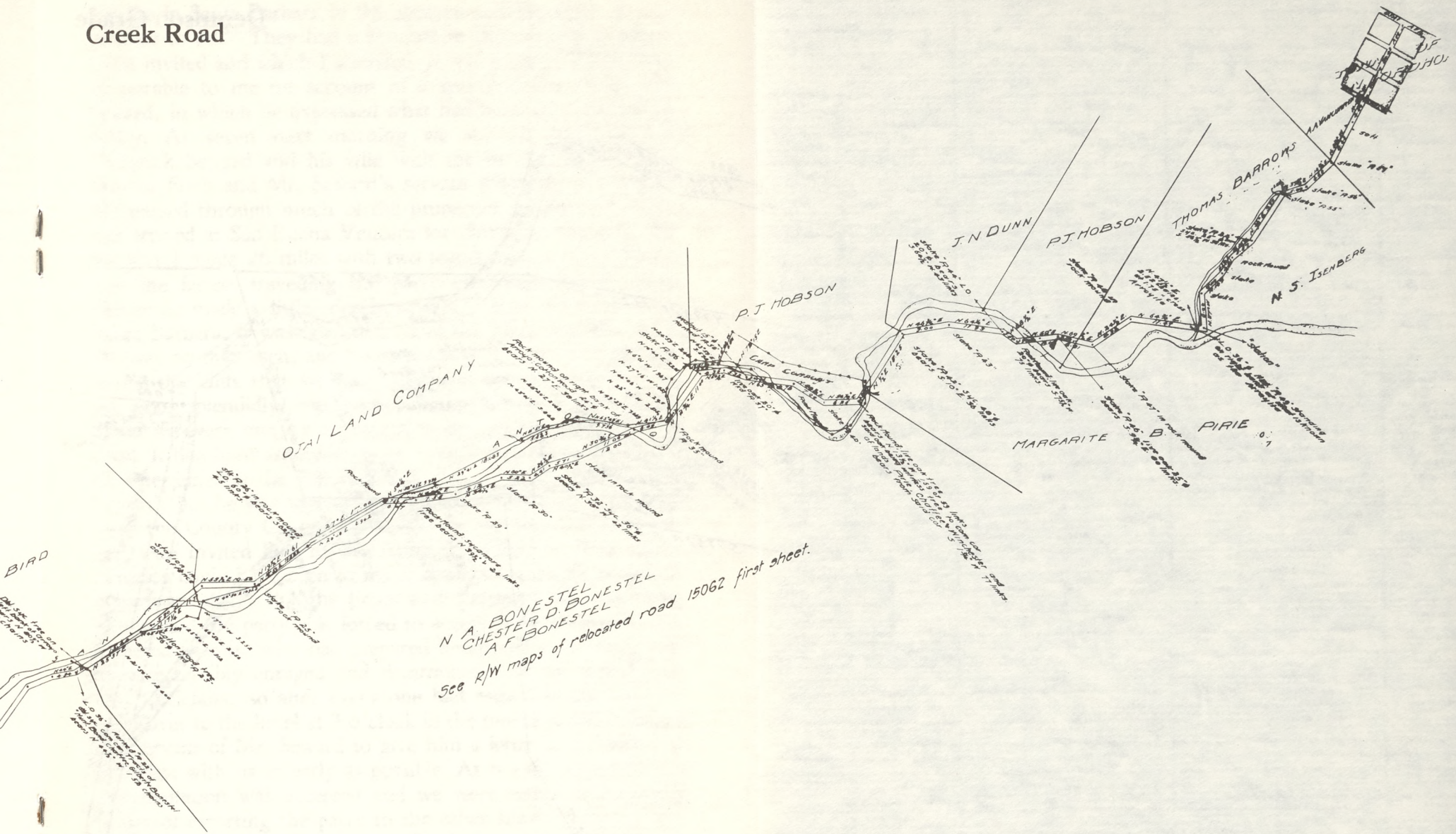
J. B. Hand
County Surveyor.

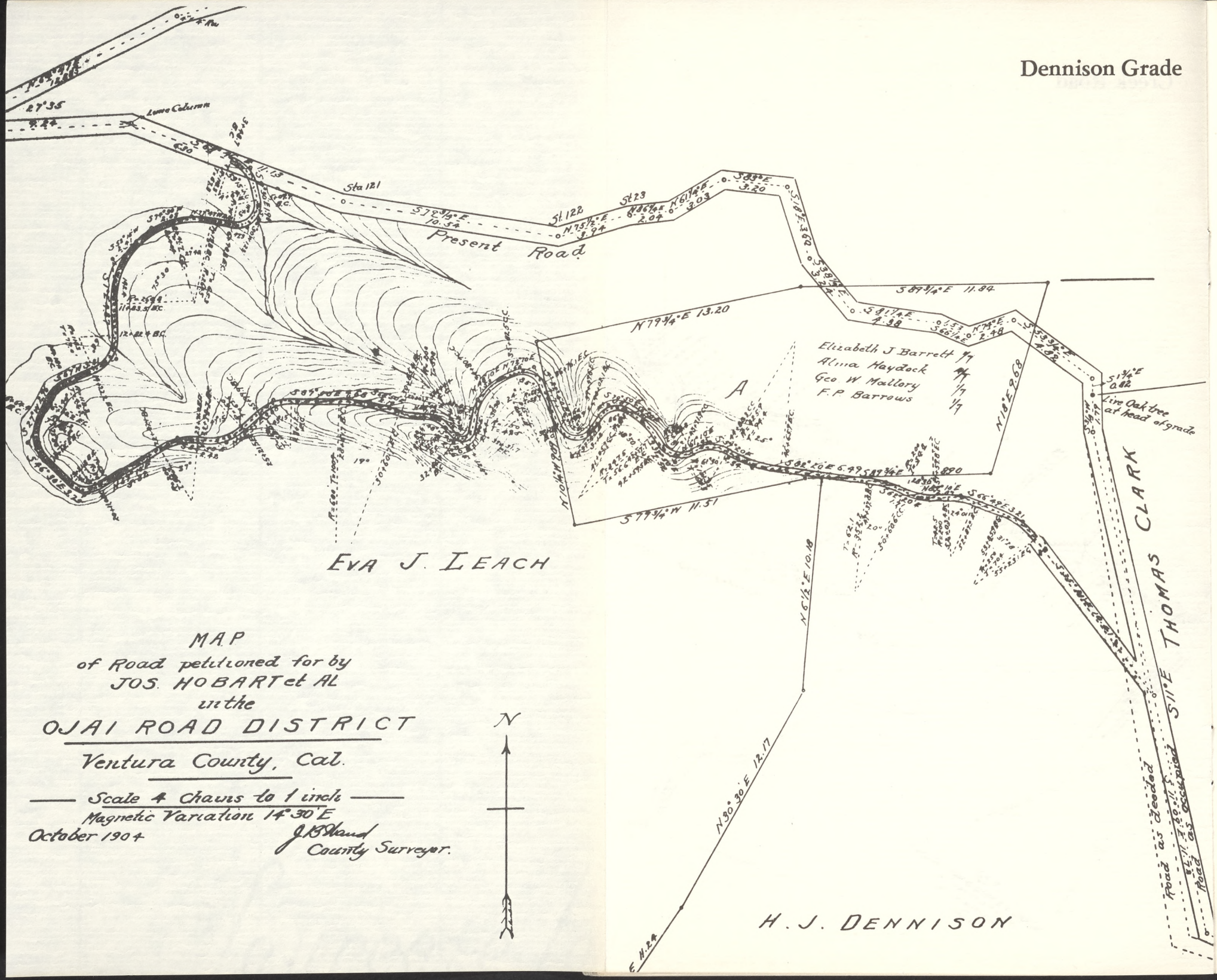
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MAP
OF
SAN ANTONIO CREEK ROAD
AS SURVEYED BY
STOWELL POWER
1883

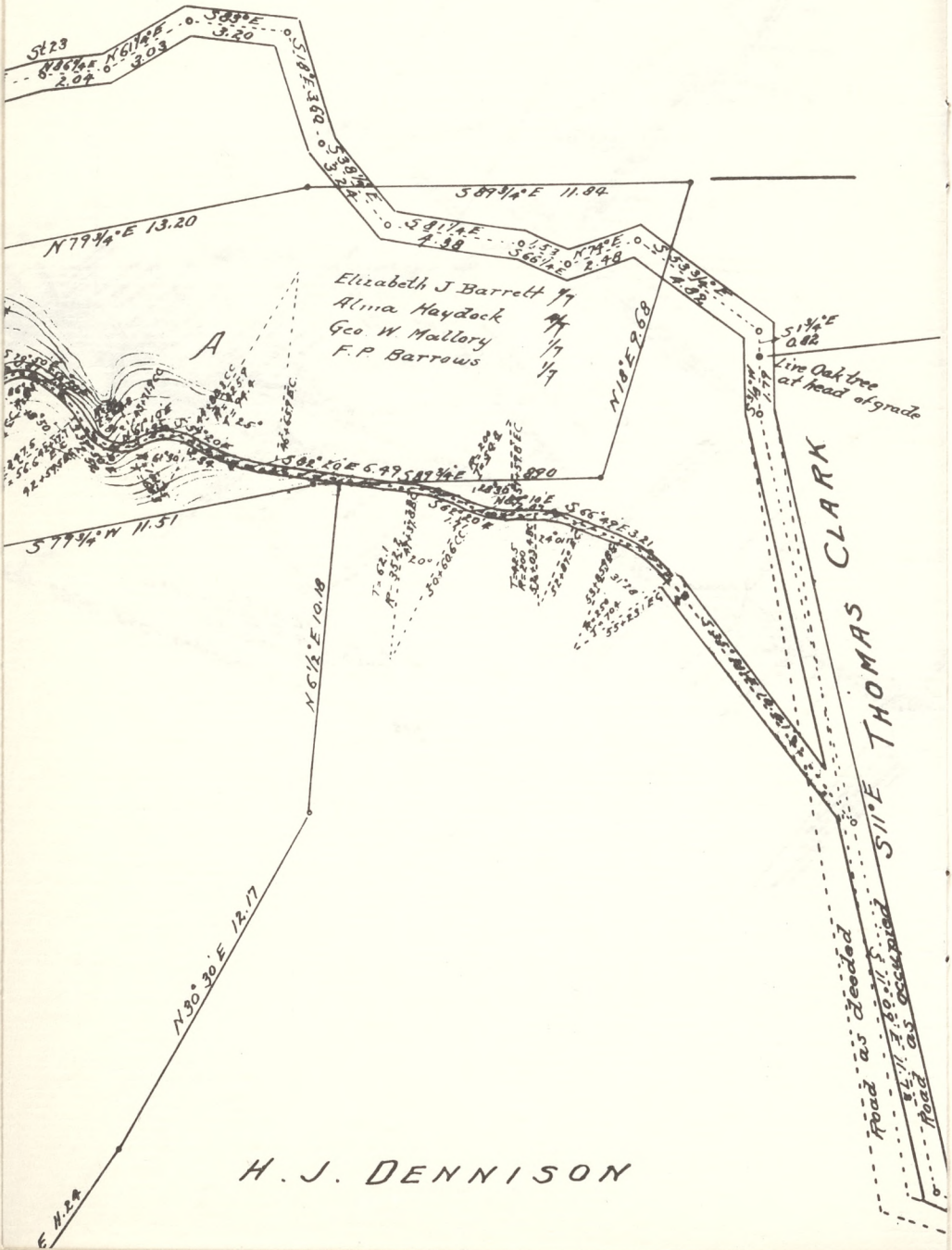
Creek Road


OJAI LAND COMPANY
P. J. HOBSON
J. N DUNN
P.J. HOBSON
THOMAS BARROWS
N. S. ISENBERG
MARGARITE B. PIRIE
BIRD
N A BONESTEL
CHESTER D BONESTEL
A F BONESTEL
See R/W maps of relocated road 15062 first sheet.


Present Road
Sta 121
St 122
St 123
Lone Column
Elizabeth J Barrett 1/7
Alma Haydock 1/7
Geo W Mallory 1/7
F P Barrows 1/7
A
Line Oak tree at head of grade
EVA J. LEACH
H. J. DENNISON
THOMAS CLARK
MAP
of Road petitioned for by
JOS. HOBART et AL
in the
OJAI ROAD DISTRICT
Ventura County, Cal.
Scale 4 Chains to 1 inch
Magnetic Variation 14° 30' E
October 1904
J B Hand
County Surveyor.
N

put me in Santa Barbara in the shortest possible time, as you promise to do.'' They had a banquet in the evening to which I was invited and which I attended. It was a splendid affair and memorable to me on account of a speech delivered by Mr. Seward, in which he expressed what had been and was yet his policy. At seven next morning we started, Sec. Seward, Frederick Seward and his wife with me in one carriage and Senator Fitch and Mr. Seward's servant following in another. We passed through much of the properties I have in charge, and arrived at San Buena Ventura for dinner at 4½ p.m. On the way I made 26 miles with two teams in two hours which was the fastest travelling the party ever experienced. After dinner he made a little speech, and at 7 p.m. we were off to Santa Barbara. It was very dark; and the road runs almost all the way on the beach, and in many places so narrow is the pass under the cliffs that we have to travel in the surf. But we got along splendidly, and reached Santa Barbara at 11:15 p.m. when we were met by a procession of carriages headed by a band. It had been arranged by my friends that the party should be entertained at the French Hotel and I had so informed Mr. Seward; but he was approached by some miserable fellows who form the County Central Committee of the Republican Party, and who invited him to the American Hotel as their guest. Nothing could have been in worse taste, to make his reception a partisan affair; but the procession halted at the American Hotel, and the party was forced to accept their invitation. My personal friends, who had prepared handsomely for him, now became terribly enraged and determined that we would beat the politicians; so after every one had retired in the town, I went over to the hotel at 3 o'clock in the morning and woke up the servant of Mr. Seward to give him a letter of invitation to breakfast with us as early as possible. At 8 a.m. next morning our invitation was accepted and we were proud to have the honor of escorting the party to the other hotel where we had the nicest breakfast I ever saw. Fred Seward said it was the nicest he had seen in California. So we gained our point, and at 9½ a.m. the party left for San Luis Obispo.

Dennison Grade



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Mollie Gerberding

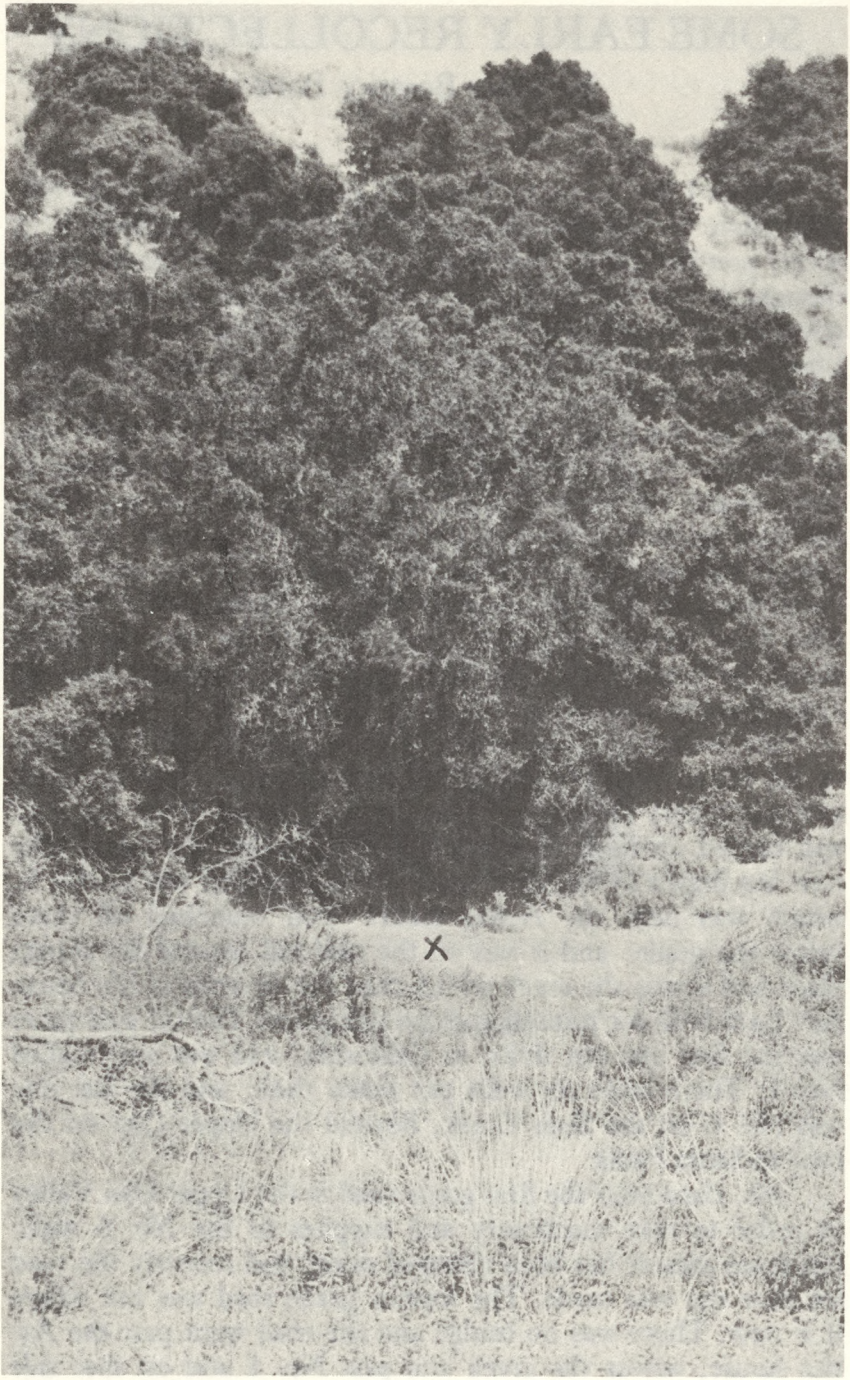
SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

By Mary Beatrice Bard

When I first came to Ventura County, I was 13 years old. The town of Ventura was then called San Buenaventura, a much prettier name; but several years later the people there thought it was too long to pronounce and they petitioned the government to let them change it to Ventura, which was done. I hope that some day they will restore the old name. My mother [26] and I came down from San Francisco by steamer to Santa Barbara as there was no railroad in those days. As there was no wharf at Santa Barbara then, we were landed in lighters or small boats; the sailors rowed us from the steamer and when the boat grated on stones and pebbles, they jumped out and carried the passengers through the breakers to the dry sand. From there we came by stage to Ventura. There was no regular road then, except in places, and much of the way we drove along the beach. My older sister [27] lived in Ventura, and we came down to visit her.

Mr. Bard had come to San Buenaventura in 1865 to develop oil for an eastern company in Pennsylvania; and the tools and machinery had to be brought by steamer from the East and hauled up here in wagons or trucks, not like our trucks now but drawn by horses or mules. The first well was at No. 1, which was near the Arnaz ranch. You branched off there below the grade; and it was on the side hill beyond the Arnaz place and across the creek which then ran in front of the house Mr. Bard built for himself and the workmen. The oil well there was the first one put down in California, and was aptly called No. 1. There were six wells put down then; and the last one was No. 6 on the Sisar Creek, beyond the Upper Ojai on the road to Santa Paula.

Mr. Bard built the first grade road to the Upper Ojai Valley in order to take machinery and supplies to the No. 6 well; but since then it has been changed once, and recently the road we now use was made. The former grade road was not where it is now. There was no bridge and the road went past the Arnaz house, across the creek and past No. 1 and on that side



Site of Ojai #1



Wm. I. Rice

of the creek for a short distance, then crossed the creek again and came up near an apricot orchard that is on the right before you reach the little settlement that I believe is now called Oak View.

By the time I first came down here, the oil wells had been given up; and all I could see was a black hole between the Arnaz house and Mr. Bard's house. Then Mr. Bard turned his attention to agriculture and began raising barley and corn on the ranches in the valleys owned by the company for whom he worked. These ranches were the Colonia, Calleguas, Las Posas, Simi and later the Sespe Ranchos; the Ojai, too, though there was not so much farming done here. That year a hotel was built under the trees at the entrance to the tennis courts here in Ojai. I had come up from Ventura to No. 1 to visit Mr. Bard's mother [28] and sisters who had come out from Pennsylvania to be with Mr. Bard. I had a happy time when I came up from Ventura for a visit to them, wading in the creek and riding old Gruya, a big grey horse. One night, while I was there, the hotel was opened in Ojai. There was a wedding and a dance when a Miss Fanny Hobson was married to Mr. Wm. Rice, and many people came from around the country. It was a stormy night, and we expected every moment to have the branches of the trees

fall upon us as we drove along in an open buggy. One rarely sees a buggy now.

Mr. Bard told me later (after I came to live in Hueneme) that once he was riding home to No. 1 at night from The Mission, as everyone called San Buenaventura, and he was driving four horses hitched to a thorough brace wagon [29] when he was chased by two men on horseback. He had got as near home as Stony Flat,[30] though it was not called that then, and there were no houses. I suppose the men thought he had money with him to pay the workmen, and they passed him and waited further on. He called to his horses and got them into a gallop and he reached down to get a pistol which he had in his boot top and fired the pistol which burst, so he had to trust altogether to his team to get away from the men, and he did! The men must have fired first, or he would not have shot.

Another adventure, Mr. Bard had, was when he was riding Jennie, his little mule. I think he must have been going to Upper Ojai because he was lost in the chaparral below Thacher School. There were no roads then and as he came to a turn, Jennie shied: there was a big bear. When she moved so suddenly, it threw Mr. Bard off. He was unconscious for a time and must have wandered about for sometime without knowing where he was. The workmen were in two camps at different parts of the valley. He turned up at one of them and thought he was at the other, and remonstrated with the cook for leaving his rightful work annd going to the other camp. The men realized that he must have had a fall and did not know what he was saying, so they put him under the pump and ran water over his head, which seemed to bring him to; and he told them what had happened. Later he found in his notebook some notes that he had written while he was wandering about in the chaparral, telling what had happened to him, though he did not remember writing it. I do not know how or where he found Jennie, but he must have found her again as he had her for some years.

When my mother and I went back to San Francisco after that first visit, we went by stagecoach; and when we reached the Salinas River, we had to ford it as there were no bridges then. The water was very high, and the four horses had to swim. We could see only their heads; and once in a while a head would go under but fortunately would come up again. The



After the well was sealed, the place continued to be called No. 1. Bard used the building there as a combined office-dwelling until his removal to Hueneme. It was here he first met his wife when her mother and she came to visit his mother and sisters.

water was within an inch or two of the window, and I was watching to see when it would come in. We crossed safely and took the train, I think at Salinas, for San Francisco, my home.

The second time I came to Ventura County was three years later when I came to visit my sister. That time I came by a steamer named the KALORAMA which was wrecked later. Mr. Bard had been in the East and was in San Francisco on his way home to No. 1, and so I came down when he did. We landed in Santa Barbara again and came by stage to Ventura. I was very happy to come then, because I had a brother[31] in this county to whom I was devoted. He and a friend of his and two young men from Pennsylvania had bought some sheep and built a cabin on the Calleguas ranch beyond Camarillo, where I stopped to see him on my way to Los Angeles; and there were bunks instead of beds. It was my first visit to a sheep ranch, and I was so delighted to be with him again. On that



Mrs. Mary Bard

visit I drove about a great deal. A friend, a Mrs. Richardson, an artist from San Francisco, was in Santa Barbara; and she came down to visit at No. 1 at that time, and we came up to Ojai to stay a while at the McKee's at the cottages where Mrs. M. M. Gally now lives. The cottages at that time were kept by Mr. and Mrs. McKee, and later by Mr. Gally and his sister; and then Mr. Gally was married and his wife came to Ojai and is still here at the cottages, though some of them have been pulled down since.

The next time I came to Ventura County, I was married and came to stay. Mr. Bard had moved in the meantime to Hueneme as the wharf had been built in 1871, and at that time Hueneme was the largest shipping port south of San Francisco except San Pedro; and his business was all at Hueneme by then. When I first came to visit, this country was still part of Santa Barbara; but in the meantime the county was divided and this part was called Ventura.



Soo Hoo How

I came up to Ojai one winter to stay a week, and was kept here for three weeks because of the heavy rains. By that time my brother had come from his sheep ranch to live at Hueneme. He built a little house of one room and a dressing room in the garden at Berylwood. At that time we had a Chinese cook. Chinese New Year came in February that year, and all the Chinamen went to Ventura to celebrate. There was no Oxnard then, for that was not started till 24 years later, when the sugar factory was built. I came up here to stay while the cook was away celebrating New Year; and my daughter [32] and my sister's boy [33] were with me, little children then. It began to rain, and the creeks and streams were so swollen that no one could get across or get to Ventura even on horseback. The stream had to be crossed 13 times on the way to Ventura, and everything was washed out. Of course the stage which ran daily between here and Ventura could not run at all. That time the Santa Clara River between Ventura and Hueneme was impassable, too, and the cook could not get home from Ventura either. When we finally did get home after three weeks, we found every dish we had piled up in the kitchen; Mr. Bard and my brother had been keeping house and cooking for them-

selves and they had found it easier to take out clean dishes at each meal, rather than wash those they used at the last meal.

I used to come up at different times to Ojai and stay at the Gally Cottages as I have always loved to be here. The wild flowers were wonderful then before the land was much cultivated; and the drive up here was even more beautiful than now because of big patches of different colors of all sorts of plants. Once, between 30 and 40 years ago, we all came to Sisar Canyon on a camping trip. We had tents to sleep in, a dining tent and a Chinaman to cook; and one tent had a bath tub with water piped from the creek, running in at one end of the tub and a big hole with a stopper at the other end. To turn the water on and let it out, we had to use a monkey wrench; and we had only cold water to use: no hot water except what the cook would let us have from his teakettle. That bathroom was in great use night and morning, and was a great comfort as it was very dusty. The Thacher School was young then, and the boys came riding by as they do now. Later, before we built the present house at Berylwood, Mr. Bard asked us all if we wanted to build it elsewhere; and I had not the heart to tell him I would like to live at Ojai because he loved the garden there. I knew at that time that the water was not plentiful here and soil not so good, and it would be a long time before he could raise another garden like the one at Berylwood.

SOME CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Beryl B. Bard

I do not know whether or not in strict fact I can be considered a pioneer, for I was born in the country and in the place where I still live. A pioneer is, I suppose, someone who comes from somewhere else to settle in a new country, meeting in a very personal and direct fashion the difficulties and hardships of settlers in a new country. My mother very certainly considers herself a pioneer, and yet she arrived in the country to live here only two years before I arrived; and two years seem a very small matter to stand between a person and pioneerhood. A child, of course, would not have such direct contact with the problems and condition of life as the elders in the family who had to face them and make the decisions involved. But still those conditions did form the background and environment of life for all concerned to a greater or lesser degree.

So many of the difficulties resulted from the means of transportation, or rather, the lack of them. Such a large proportion of the changes between now and then are due to the changes that have taken place in the more and more efficient ways of getting about. This is true of the country as a whole; but especially so on the outskirts of civilization where distances are greater, and population as sparse as it was when I was a child. For instance until I was eight or thereabout, the nearest doctor and drugstore were 15 miles away across the river, a typical California river that was impassable in the winter after a heavy rain in the days when there was such a thing; and this at the time of year when there was more likelihood of illness in a large family of children, as there was in our case. Someone had to go for the doctor by buggy or on horseback, only to find perhaps, that the doctor was away on some other case, often 20 or 30 miles away in another direction. There were no bridges, so the river had to be forded. There were apt to be quicksand, especially at the Montalvo crossing, which was our nearest one. At Saticoy there was a gravelly bottom: which made the longer way around the safest and surest for crossing when the quicksands were at their worst. Often bands of horses



The main line on all Southern Pacific Railroads was single track. It would double only for a siding or a spur. Cuts kept it level, and at a constant gradient which was necessary so that any deviation would be kept around one to two per cent.

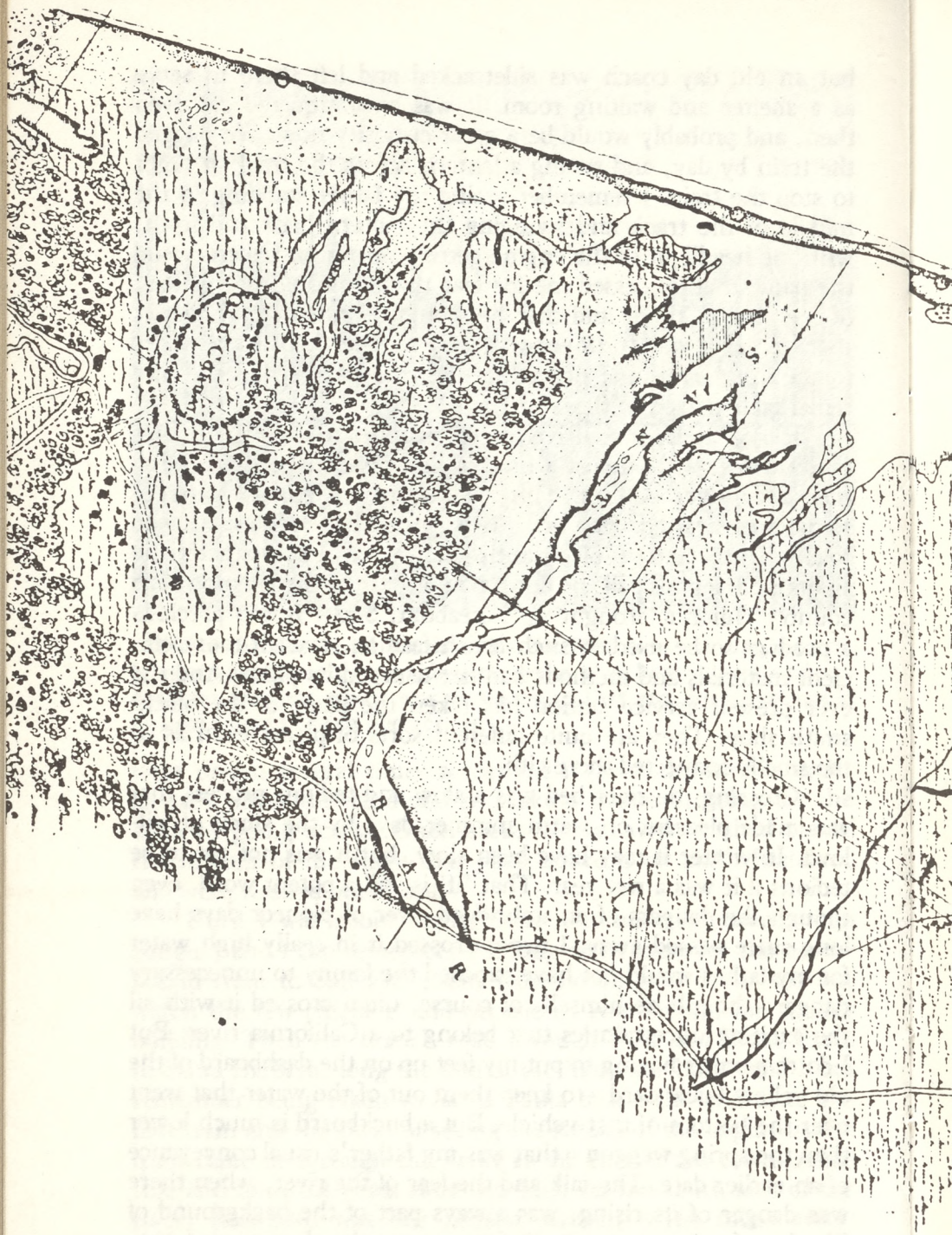
were driven several times across the river at the ford in order to pack down the sand and so make a firmer crossing for the vehicles going across. Often sacks of mail were washed out of the bottom of the stage that plied between us and Montalvo, and were washed out to sea.

Until I was about eight, there was no train nearer than Saugus; and I can remember the long waits there for the northbound train to San Francisco, with nothing to do or see but watch the few chickens and occasional cow behind the station building. Then the branch road through Piru and Santa Paula to Santa Barbara, long the end of the line, was built; and I can remember being taken to Santa Paula to see the arrival of the first train and the thrill of seeing the smoke of the engine as the train came in through the wash at the east of the town. After that and until the coast road was built on the south side of the river, Montalvo was our nearest station, seven miles away. Of course, there was no station building nor stationmaster;

but an old day coach was sidetracked and left there to serve as a shelter and waiting room. It was an antiquated car even then, and probably would be a great curiosity now. We flagged the train by day, and swung a lantern across the track at night to stop the train. I remember seeing my father standing in the middle of the track and swinging the lantern back and forth, with the headlight of the engine getting nearer and nearer; and the panic that possessed me for fear that he would not get out of the way in time, and that he would be run over. The fact that he never was run over was only another item to be added to the long array that proved he was the most wonderful and remarkable person in the world.

It took an hour to drive the seven miles to the station over sandy roads, with almost a mile of that distance to go through the sandy river bottom. The roads were sometimes watered, sometimes strawed. How long is it since I have seen a strawed road? That, and a blacksmith shop with its characteristic sights and sounds will no longer be a part of the memories of country children brought up hereabout. Straw is too precious a product to be used in such lavish fashion, even if more efficient materials and methods had not usurped its place. And the ever present service station has taken the place of the blacksmith shop. They are quite different sorts of places even as to the smells connected therewith.

Crossing the river bed was a slow and tedious process that was made pleasant on warm summer days by the smell of willows. In winter it may have been slow, but it was not apt to be tedious if it was a wet year. That 'if' is still a potent word, even though the dangers of an unbridged river of pioneer days have long since passed away. I never crossed it in really high water for my father would not have exposed the family to unnecessary danger; though he himself, of course, often crossed it with all the exciting uncertainties that belong to a California river. But I do remember having to put my feet up on the dashboard of the old yellow buckboard [34] to keep them out of the water that went over the bottom of that vehicle. But a buckboard is much lower than the spring waggon [35] that was my father's usual conveyance of an earlier date. The talk and the fear of the river, when there was danger of its rising, was always part of the background of life then for one was cut off from so much: doctors and sup-

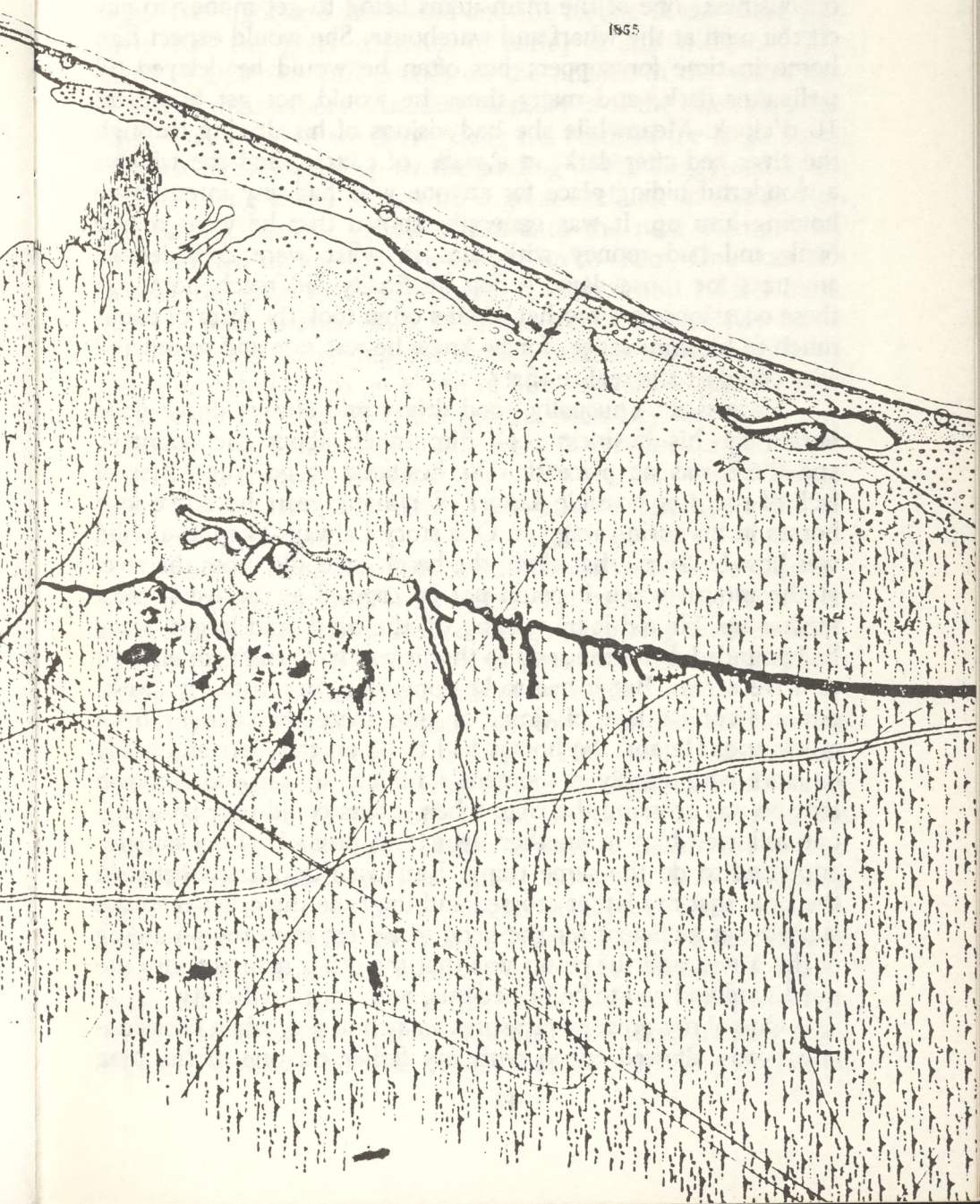


SOUTHWARD TO

RIVER SANTA CLARA

Surveyed

1865



plies; and communication with the rest of the world. And lives were lost on several occasions.

Some of my mother's unhappiest memories of her early married life are connected with the river bed. The nearest bank was at Ventura; and on Saturdays my father drove over on business, one of the main items being to get money to pay off the men at the wharf and warehouse. She would expect him home in time for supper; but often he would be delayed till well after dark, and many times he would not get home till 10 o'clock. Meanwhile she had visions of his driving through the river bed after dark, at a walk, of course, and the willows a wonderful hiding place for anyone who had any intention of holding him up. It was generally known that he went to the bank and had money with him in what were considerable amounts for those days. When he finally did reach home on these occasions, my mother's relief often took the form of tears, much to his annoyance, for he knew he was safe and sound and why couldn't she realize that?

He was an unusually good driver and always drove good horses for his business took him much about the country; and there was no place that he hesitated to go, regardless of lack of roads or possible danger. For many years he drove four horses in his spring waggon. One story I always liked as a child was how he found that along the beach he could cross the river at the mouth when it could not be crossed at the usual place further up. He did it by waiting till the ninth and largest wave had pounded down the sand so that it was hard and firm enough to drive across. But it had to be done by acting instantly, without a second's loss of time, or else there was danger from quicksand. He and the horses had to be on the alert and ready to start with hardly a moment's notice. It was soon known that he was crossing the river when others could not; so someone followed him in another vehicle to profit by his example, and tried to do the same thing. But just that instant between the time that my father crossed and the time the other man got started was sufficient for the good to be lost from the pounding of the wave; and the result was that the other man got into the quicksand and had to be helped out, with much difficulty.

One of my greatest pleasures as a child was when occasionally I was allowed to go with my father on one of his long

drives about the county. I can remember the delight on one occasion when we went to the top of one of the low lying hills behind Somis which was not in existence in those days, and we looked out over Las Posas which was then all planted to barley, with few fences and very few and widely scattered farm buildings. The sight and the sound and the feeling of the wind as it blew over the great stretches of barley is still with me. The smell of alfileria [36] and grasses on the hillside in the warm sun is part of the memory. Another memory is of the often repeated sight and sound as we drove along the roads of the large flocks of black birds started up by the passing of the buggy and flying and wheeling ahead of us with a great outburst of sound from one large clump of yellow mustard to the next clump, only to be started up again as we caught up to them. One does not not see the great masses of mustard, often 8 and 10 feet high, that we were familiar with when we were children. My father used to tell of surveying and having a farm wagon with a log dragging behind it to go ahead of him to make a lane through the mustard so that he could get the necessary line for his instrument. An Indian boy would sit with his feet dangling over the end of the wagon and calling "To the left" or "To the right" in Spanish, according to my father's signals, for the direction of the driver.

Another thing one does not see hereabout, as we used to, are the great flocks of wild geese that used to fly over our place, in the familiar V-shaped wedges, honking as they went. I have not heard the call of wild geese for years, but would recognize it at the uttermost ends of the earth.

It is hard to know which has the strongest hold on the memory: sights, or sounds or smells. The smell of smoke from eucalyptus wood or leaves is as strong as anything I remember of my childhood for so much of our playtime was spent in the garden where there was almost always a brush fire going, somewhere or another. That smell, however, is a continuing part of our environment, as long as eucalyptus trees remain a part of the California landscape. Other sights and sounds and smells are a matter of memory only. The outline of mountains and shore line remain the same now as when I was a child, and as Dana saw them and described them in *Two years before the mast;* but the details that fill out the picture and



First house at Berylwood

with which we come into contact now have changed, slowly perhaps but greatly.

When my mother, a girl of 13, came to Ventura to pay a visit to her sister, she came by steamer to Santa Barbara, the only alternative to coming by stage from San Francisco; and she had to land, as Dana did so long before, by small boats through the surf for there was no wharf at Santa Barbara then. When she was first married five years later and came to live in the county, some of the household supplies came from Ventura, others by steamer from San Francisco. One had to keep many supplies on hand in the pantry for all sorts of emergencies. Distances were great, driving was a slow process and there was no hotel; so when anyone came to see my father on business or the various itinerant ministers came to hold services in the village, as a matter of course they came to us for meals and often for the night as well. One had to be prepared for one seldom had notice beforehand. My mother says that she always knew when she saw someone turn in at the gate that it meant an extra person for the next meal, and possibly for overnight; so an extra place was laid at the table and a bed was got ready. One had to be so much more self dependent and self-sufficient in those days in the country, which, by the same token, was also the most difficult place to achieve such self-sufficiency.

I suppose everyone's life covers many changes and types of conditions, but I am glad that I can remember this county when it was less built up and under more primitive conditions. It is interesting to see the developments as they take place, and to know even to a slight extent the beginnings of things.

FOOTNOTES

1. Founded by Methodists, Pacific was California's first chartered college.
2. Coachman.
3. The Franciscans are an order of friars: O.F.M.
4. George Noble was a nephew of Thomas Scott, and worked for him.
5. An offhand Yankee generalization found in many writings.
6. Dr. Jonathan Letterman was General Superintendent of the petroleum company which bought San Francisco Rancho.
7. James de Barth Shorb.
8. Rudolph Scheidman was the last proprietor of Frank & Rudi's Muscell Rock Inn; but there had been another restaurant at Rincon Point in the 1800's, according to Virginia Faria Baptiste.
9. Solfatara; see "Santa Barbara's volcanoes" by Richard S. Whitehead in the Summer 1976 *Noticias* (v.22, #2, p. 8-19).
10. Bums.
11. Probably sea lions.
12. Probably Hollister, possibly Hope, hardly Huse.
13. Common designations for Hawaiians and Chinese.
14. The Fenian Brotherhood was a secret organization of Irish nationalists.
15. The War Between the States, 1861-1865.
16. The Secessionists of the 1860's were the Confederates.
17. The Rt. Rev. William I. Kip, Episcopal Bishop of California.
18. Stephen F. Peckham was a chemist and petroleum expert.
19. The evening Angelus, a devotion pictured by Rosa Bonheur.
20. Don Raymundo Olivas at San Miguel Rancho.
21. John T. Stow became Bard's principal field assistant.
22. A meaningless name; the Utes were famous for their horse raids.
23. Mrs. Olive Mann Isbell acted as housekeeper for Bard for a time. *Beryl Bard.*
24. Jarrett T. Richards was a boyhood friend and lawyer.
25. Thomas A. Scott was Bard's employer in his oil and land deals.
26. Mrs. C. O. Gerberding.
27. Mrs Clara or Clickie (Gerberding) Bard, wife of Dr. Cephas Bard.
28. Mrs. Elizabeth Parker Bard.
29. The body of the carriage is supported on leather straps.
30. Casitas.
31. Albert Gerberding.
32. Beryl Beatrice Bard.
33. Albert Bard.
34. A four wheeled vehicle, having a spring platform to carry the seat.
35. An adjustable light wagon with platform springs between the axel and bed of wagon.
36. Filaree; *Erodium macrophyllum* in southern California.

VENTURA COUNTY



Mrs. Mary B. Bard